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DR. DEANE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A Romance Which Grew from Poverty been a haven of happiness, where no words of harsh command were ever and Hardship.

Directly across the end of an old resi- | The letter threw Mrs. Deane into a dence street in Richmond, Va., stands a great flutter of excitement, and before large, square house, peremptorily clos-ing egress like some sentinel of war. she had given more than a dozen con-The bare walls, rising three stories tradictory mandates. She had looked shove the basement, are broken only by a series of old-fashioned windows and suggest to the observer the architectural outline of a warehouse rather than family's badly broken fortune. Her tural outline of a warehouse rather than

At an early day it housed a large ing the years of the son's absence she had fondly anticipated the day when were wealthy and negroes their favorite conception of property. Col. Deane was and of stern, vigorous and just but killed in one of the first engagements of the war, and the care of managing the state devolved upon his wife and at the sponsibility from off her the load of responsibility from the load of responsibility f estate devolved upon his wife, a cold, haughty woman, who, while not positively cruel in the treatment of her for a renovation so thoroughly that by where the sunlight lies behind, the slaves, yet so alienated their affections

After this experience Mrs. Deane had place.

forward to her son's return, earnestly hoping that a man's ingenuity of prorealization in Frank's father, and duranother Deane of tall, soldierly bearing

that by the close of the war they had was to arrive Mrs. Deane was unable to child, grown to womanhood, looks back fied, one by one, and left her alone in make complaint. From basement to with painful longing. garret, everything was in its proper | Those rays, however, left in her hear

sought for white servants, and when With feelings of awe in her heart terious beauty of her voice that so often lured the children from the street

ions of a past arose before her-the long-past days of a happy childhood, when she played on a bright green lawn in front of a beautiful house in a far Northern city. Whether it was her own childhood she thus recalled she scarcely knew, but this home seemed to have

The sunlight always rested upon this spot of sacred greenery, as, like a panorama, the scene revolved, until-the dream was broken by an awakening. Though still a very little child, she re orphan child.

Margaret Lee carried out the order work, and finally graduates into a world read and write, to sew and do house

Again the scene changes, and now the

members more distinctly the details of the life that followed. The surround cheerless outlook from a bare, cheerles room, black walls of brick, no warmth, no sunshine. Her father, an invalid, gazes upon her with sad, beautiful eyes, and she often hears him say to the nurse at the bedside: "What shall bethe residence of a family of aristocratic data of manhood had a found a happy come of my poor, poor Margle? He linears the shadow deepens over the life of the associations of the dreamer are realized

their germinating influence. The mys-

"MARGARET," SAID HE. WHY DO YOU NEVER COME TO ME WITH ANY MORE QUESTIONS!

went away to her work much relieved him. He now seldom saw her alone.

large portion of his time in the touch, but the opportunity for those of his mother's nature that he had library. Many new books were intro- brief conversations that revealed to the never experienced before. He strove to ime absorbed in his favorite authors. Mrr. Deane tried in vain to get him to take an active interest in the busi-

While a failure as a business man, never come to me any more with ques-trank had a critical eye for matters of tions? You know I am always glad to become so intricate that there was no detail that appeared to his mother as assist you if I can." longs of no consequence. He observed the She took a volume from the table and erty.

his shoulders drooping and his frame strove to deceive herself, but in vain. together and find the light."

Siender, but Margaret knew that she She loved him.

Poor Margaret! She knew that she would like him better than if her pre- After the first realization of this terconceived notions of him had been cor- rible truth, for it seemed to her wrong came over her; she confessed her love. rect, and when his mother returned she and presumptuous, she tried to avoid

luced, and he often sat for hours at a scholar the pure soul of the simple girl was lacking. her intended course. As a sudden consider them both trespassers under es of the estate. He did willingly silence will generally awaken the man her roof. whatever she suggested, but he had no who falls asleep during an uproar, so conception of how a large enterprise Margaret's reserve only aroused Frank should be conducted. Mrs. Deane was to a livelier interest in her behalf. He for themselves. At first they suffered disappointed. She had become involved observed her more carefully, thought privations, but after a time Frank ob-

library reading, she entered the room, vocal lessons. Frank bore her complaints without a unaware of his presence. Excusing her- | For several years they lived very hapmurmur, but he seemed unable to com- self, she was about to withdraw, when pily, but one day news came that cast prehend that his position involved a he detained her.
serious responsibility.

"Margaret," said he, "why do you old Deane homestead was announced in

g word for some slight service in a because I have stopped thinking," she man brought a letter that bore evidence way that carried a weight of gratitude to the pour girl's heart. The first time he had heard for sing he had sat spell- to go inquisitively behind the veil of of a certain orphan asylum and carried. He asked her where she had your past life, but any confidence re- the announcement that Margaret Lee acquired the ait so beautifully, and on posed in me will be held sacred. Have would learn of something to her advan-

Marker t set on afternoon position beauty of her work and white passing to and from the passing to an interest from th

ferior to the father. He lacked the ex- wards. They seemed to have the old Why cannot the lines of our lives run pansive chest and broad, square shoul-ders. His hair was light and wavy, these occasions recalled the past. She ows lie before us we will enter them

was doing wrong, but a great weakness Mrs. Deane had been disappointed in her son before, but on learning this last As the discovery.

As the days went by Mr. Deane spent there, she left evidences of her magic frightful. To Frank it was a revelation intelligence her chagrin and rage were stienced him. With frigid coldness she This method was the wrong one for declared that she should henceforth

Frank and Margaret were married the next day and went out into the world in difficulties and the discovery teat about her oftener, and strove more tained a position as an instructor in an her son was totally incapable of setting eagerly to gain her confidence.

One day, while Frank sat in the opportunity of giving and receiving

longer any chance of saving the propsplendid care that Margaret trok of the slowly turned the leaves, while a faint bouse and often thanked her by a look blush suffused her brow. "I guess it is foundest sorrow, but one day the postby numerous postmarks of much circu-